THE EVENING BULLETIN.

VOLUME IX. MAYSVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1890. NUMBER 89.

THE BORDER MEXICANS.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HAPPY PEASANTS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Realizing Rousseau's Definition of Freedom—Simple Lives That Have a Great Deal of Unvarnished Happiness in Them. A Look at the Better Side of the Greaser.

Along a zone of our southwest border, from the Gulf of California to Corpus Christi, on the Texas coast, is found a type of being that is almost an anomaly, even among our own cosmopolitan classes. The border Mexican, or "greaser," has no nation, yet he is distinctly local. He is the evolution of that aried and sun kissed belt characterized by flora and fauna as acrimonious and as shaggy as himself and best exemplified by the cactus, the coyote and the burro. You cannot accuse nature of making a mistake in his creation, for he is an adaptation that rises superior to adversity. You will find him picturesque and, when better known, not all bad. This Mexican is far below the nation's representative, yet he is not the degraded peon or serf of the land. He is rather what the peon has become in the two generations he has enjoyed the freedom of our government, if not wiser, at least less servile. He is generally admitted to be the result of a fusion for some centuries of the Spaniard with that mild type of semi-civilized Indian of the Cortez conquests, but is nearer the Spaniard, whose beautiful language, further softened into a dialect, he still retains. This may be due to laziness, but is more probably from the liquid movement of Indian speech peculiar to some of the southern tribes, as shown by the present language of the Pimas and Maricopas of southern Arizona.

WANT NOT THE UNATTAINABLE.

The Mexicans are the happiest of contented creatures, and, though poverty is their universal heritage, they have no wants. Jean Jacques Rousseau must have been among a similar peasant class in Italy when he wrote so truthfully that "He only is free who wants nothing beyond what he can get and does harmlessly as he pleases." There are two classes of Mexican peasants, the Labradoes and the Rancheros. The former are the milder, simpler people found sprinkled along the small canyons and valleys on little plots of bottom land adjacent and irrigated by simple or community ditches called acequias, which lead from the streams, winding along the bank in a gradual way till the stream's lower level will permit them finally to wander over the bottom. They bridge no arroyas, build no dams, arches or culverts, and use only nature's level, water, to give the grade required for their canals. In engineering ability they are as far behind the Aztecs, who once inhabited this valley, as are the present Egyptians behind their ancestors under Menes.

A plot of a few acres supports an entire family of a dozen, exclusive of dogs—as many more. First a crop of melons and cebada (melons and barley); later a crop of frejoles and calabazas (Mexican beans and pumpkins). A little pepper and onions and their commissary is complete. The Rancheros have more or less cattle, ponies, sheep or goats, are less local in their tastes and are more hardy, so that it is among them that is sometimes found that outlaw element that has made "Greaser" the synonym for bandit and has stamped the race as thieving and treacherous. This character is partly the result of a traditional sentiment—a spirit of adventurous resistance to tyranny. On the Mexican side a man who evades their outrageous taxes and customs is a hero; one killed in an attempt to do so, a martyr. The government only is the robber. The men are fine horsemen, of the firm yet easy border seat, always using that instrument of torture, the bocada, or Spanish bit, in the control of their ponies. Many are expert in tossing the riata and some handle a revolver well. A Pueblo scene is very characteristic. Adobe dwellings, thatched roofs, arbors beneath which are the stone jars left unglazed for cooling water, and the stone hand mill for grinding the corn for corn cakes, called "tortillas." The conservatism of this people would compare with that of India. The agricultural methods are those described in the Bible. Hay is cut with a hoe, sometimes a hand knife or a sickle; a bough whose forks embrace the proper angle in their plow, and their oxen are yoked by lashing a pole to the base of ther horns.

AT THE BALL.

A fiesta is usually celebrated by a "baile," or dance. If it be fall and the night air be cool you will find this hop inside a "jacal." Everything has been removed from the house but a row of "sillas" (chairs and boxes), placed around the sides of the room, which is lighted by a few beds of glowing coals placed at intervals on the freshly swept, hard packed earth floor, by a few candles cemented to brackets or projecting adobe bricks by their own wax, and by the star beams that sift through the thatched roof and ceiling. The coals serve also as a stove and free light for cigarettes. The music will be given from an orchestra composed of a couple of guitars, a violin, an accordion and one or more harps. There are no hop cards, but the habitue can tell you in advance what the programme will be—waltzes alternating with the Mexican redowa or three step, la galopa, a polka and maybe a western square dance or two.

There is no directoire or empire gowns, on corsage bouquets, none of the traditional Spanish dress save the mantilla. This is folded diagonally; double edged front, placed over the head, the longer end falling forward is carried loosely over the bosom as high as the throat and crosses the other fold on the left shoulder, leaving only an oval of face visible from brow to chin. The women retain a Spanish fondness for black and also the Indian love of bright colors. The men are indifferent to dress except so far as to having a broad, light felt sombrero, and a scarf, or sash, of bright colored wool or silk about their waist. To a Mexican girl dancing is instinct. Their accentuation is so perfect, their movements so yielding and full of muscular grace, that to waltz with one on an earth floor, where the friction is something frightful, is not impossible. Let those who decry dancing as a vice of civilization, an unnatural pleasure erected for a sensation, come and learn of these poetic savages the rhythm of motion. For they are poetic; there is a perfume of romance in the songs found in the poorest "jacal;" a sensuous softness that our language cannot render. I recall once being at a "baile," where in the interval between the dances I asked one of the young ladies to give us a Mexican song, which she did to an accompaniment on the guitar. It was exquisitely soft, though I could only catch enough of the Spanish to know that its theme was love. When the piece was finished she wanted us to return the courtesy by a song in English. We hastened to avow with the usual frankness in such cases, that we could not sing, but the girl evidently did not believe us, and would sing no more for us in spite of entreaty.—Philadelphia Times.

SOME FUN IN CANADA.

How the Halfbreeds Settled with the Fom Legged Fish Stealers.

A Nicholson sportsman, who has hunted in Canada, had the following experience: "The most fun I had on any one day was with a party of three halfbreed Indians. They had caught four barrels of herrings out of Georgian bay the day before, salted the fish and left them under a shanty of boughs over night, returning to the settlement to get barrels. That morning they invited me to accompany them to where the fish were, telling me that they would help me find some deer on a still hunt after they had packed the herrings in the barrels. I went along, and when we got to the bough shanty we found everything topsy turvy. The heap of fish was strung over a space forty feet in diameter, and the halfbreeds were the maddest fellows I ever saw. They knew right away what the matter was, but I didn't. I soon found out, though.

"Several bears had been there in the night, eaten their fill of fish and destroyed the rest. The bears had bitten scores of the herrings in two, and then tumbled and wallowed in the mass until they had make the destruction complete. After the halfbreeds had sworn like pirates for a while, they dumped the ruined goods into a hollow and covered them with dirt Then they got ready to hunt the bears down, declaring that they wouldn't set a net in the water until they had slain one or more of the big fish thieves. They calculated that the bears would get very thirsty before noon, and waddle down to the shore of the bay to drink, and they asked me to assist them in lying low for the brutes.

"We all had rifles, and the three half breeds told me what to do and then started off through the woods. I took one of their canoes and paddled across a cove to a point covered with alder bushes, little expecting to see a bear, but, just as I was going to land, I saw the bushes move a short distance in shore. Then the saplings parted and a big bear slouched down toward the water. The bear and I got sight of one another at the same moment, and he whirled about and tried to hide in the undergrowth. But my charge of buckshot was a little too quick for him, and he went bellowing in the direction of a bluff. He didn't stop his noise till he crawled under the top of a fallen tree near the foot of the cliff, and while I was on my way after him for another shot I heard a gun crack from the top of the bluff, and the bear came slamming toward me, growling like fury. Then I gave him another dose of buckshot and killed him.

"The shot from the top of the bluff had been fired by one of the angry half breeds, and he ran down to find the bear. He had seen the bear's head sticking out from the tree top, and his shot had hit the animal in the nose. My first charge had shattered the bear's right thigh and wounded his left fore leg. Then we lugged the carcass to the shore, and later in the day we put it in a boat and took it to where the team was feeding.

"That forenoon one of the half breeds ran foul of another bear a mile or so back in the woods, and shot it four times. He killed it, of course, and before night the other one got the third bear. When we all met at the shanty, toward sunset, the half breeds were much better natured than when they saw the ruined fish. The slaughter of the three bears seemed to heal their wounded feelings right away. I got no deer that day, but I had all the sport I cared for."—Cor. New York Tribune.

The Gentlemanly Burglar and the Slot.

The gentlemanly burglar went to the National the other night, says The Washington Post. The burglar is taking a vacation just at present. He was very much interested in the patent drop-a-dime-in-the-slot-and-get-a-pair-of-opera-glasses box. He looked it over, and ever and anon chuckled within:

"Well, this is fine. Now, let us see."

He dropped a dime in at the top, turned the screw, and the lid fell. The glasses came out.

"In New York they had printed on the lining a statement that the opening of the box was communicated to the ticket office outside by some electrical device. But it was a fake, and they had to chain the glasses as these are chained. Now, let us see."

He took a pair of nippers from his pocket and cut the chain. The glasses were placed in his overcoat.

"Hum! ha!"

He deftly took a hairpin from the lady in front, gave it a few bends and went to work. In just forty seconds he had got into the cash till and recovered his dime with three others. He then pushed it back in place. The lid still remained open. He gently pushed it to.

"You have to use a special key to lock it up. Now see."

He gave the hairpin another twist, probed into the slot at the top, hooked something, and gave a pull. The lid was closed, the opera glasses gone, and the till tapped. He straightened the hairpin, gave it the proper turn, and inserted it among the lady's tresses.

"Some time within a month that box will be opened," said he, as he walked out, "and a disappointed glass hunter will have a row with the doorkeeper, or whoever has it in charge. The company is getting up some electric devices to indicate when one of their opera glasses goes out doors. It will work by magnetic attraction at the door. But the first man they haul up will have a bunch of keys that set the machine to jumping, and the first lady will have steel corset ribs. Oh, it is a great scheme!"

Electricity in the Air.

In observations with kites and balloons Professor Leonhard Weber has found that the atmosphere is negatively electrified up to a height of about 100 yards, beyond which it is positively electrified in a degree, increasing very rapidly with the distance from the earth. The negative electrification of the lower strata of the air is attributed to the presence of germs and dust particles.—New York Telegram.

ON THE BRIDGE CABLE.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY MADE BY A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

A Foggy Night Selected for the Trip—He Walks from the New York Anchorage to the Center of the Big Structure on a 16-Inch Cable—Above the River 278 Feet.

Hundreds of people while crossing the Brooklyn bridge have looked at the riggers and painters who, in the performance of duty, climb up into the network of wires or walk along the big cables from which the great structure is suspended, and they wonder how these men hold on, or why they do not get dizzy and fall.

Desiring to know something of these men who spend their time away up among those slender wires, a Star reporter endeavored to get some of them to tell their experience, but it was found that they had become so accustomed to whatever sensations they might experience that they had grown unconscious of anything remarkable in the fact that they walked on a slender thread between the river and the sky, except that they earned good livings for their families, and were very well pleased with their vocations. Still determined to learn how it feels to walk in midair on so slender a footpath as a 16-inch cylinder, the reporter concluded to walk on one of the cables from the New York anchorage to the top of the tower, and on down the aerial pathway to the center of the bridge. It was useless to seek permission to make the trip, so it was decided that it should be made under cover of the darkness of night.

CLIMBING UP.

But an opportunity came eventually, and the trip was made and experiences noted. On the night of Friday a heavy fog hung over the river, and the bridge was lost in the thickness of the atmosphere. Even the powerful glow of the electric lights could not penetrate the mist for any considerable distance. The four big cables of the bridge rising from the anchorage and ascending above the promenade were lost in the fog a few feet beyond, and it was only necessary to avoid being seen at the start to escape detection. It was decided to make the trip on this dark night.

And so, dressed in ordinary clothes and street shoes, with an overcoat buttoned tightly about his throat, the reporter walked out from Park row along the promenade to the anchorage. A policeman loomed up in the fog just where the cable rises, passed along, and in a minute was lost sight of. Now was the chance, and tossing his umbrella to a companion, the searcher after new experiences vaulted the railing and stood erect on the 16-inch cable. On either side was a half-inch guy rope for a handrail. Grasping each rope, he began to walk onward and upward into the darkness and mist. A few steps forward, and he was apparently out of the world and alone, his whereabouts known only to one human being. For a time the lights below were visible, but soon these disappeared from view, and the illumination from them, although it penetrated the fog, looked like the dim light of daybreak.

The top of the tower was reached, and as the cable passes under the coping stone anxiety as to getting across the tower and to the other side to complete the journey occupied the attention of the adventurer. He found space enough between the top of the cable and the roof of the opening through which the cable passed for him to crawl along. But the space lessened, and he could go no further. He had not thought of turning back, and by feeling about in the inky darkness it was found that if there was no space above the cable there was plenty below. But to leave the straight and narrow path was a matter of some moment. The darkness was so intense that nothing could be seen, and it was known that somewhere in that tower a well hole descended through the masonry to the bottom of the foundation, 356 feet below, and the necessity for caution asserted itself in a most pronounced manner.

After feeling about gingerly with hands and feet it was found that there was a solid something a few feet below, and the reporter dropped off the cable to find that he was on a flooring of smaller wire cables, formed of the numerous guys which steady the bridge, and which help to make the network of wire ropes under the four big cables. These guys pass through the opening at the top of the tower, and when he had dropped to them the reporter found through the medium of the senses of smelling and feeling that these cables were laid in a bed of fresh paint. There was nothing to do but push on toward the river side of the tower. This was done with great care and disregard of the paint. Having passed through the tunnel and arrived safely at the river front of the tower, it was found that the cable was several feet above.

A SAFE DESCENT.

At a height of 278 feet above the surface of the river one would want a sure footing and a firm grip for the hand to climb up a stone wall. But these were not to be had, so raising himself on tiptoes and embracing the big cable above, the reporter mounted it much as a small boy would mount a horse, and with as much chance of getting on its back as the boy would have of getting on the back of a horse. But the cable was mounted successfully, and the greatest danger was passed.

The reporter then noticed for the first time that he was above the fog and as absolutely alone as he could be anywhere in the universe. The bridge tower rearing up out of the mist below, the four big cables hanging down and disappearing in the fog and the cold, black darkness of the clear atmosphere above were all there were to behold save one bright light on the flag pole on top of a hotel on the Brooklyn heights.

The light was above the fog also, and it shone brightly and cheerfully. Not a sound could be heard, although vain attempts were made to catch the echo of a steamboat whistle or the rumble of a passing bridge train. The air was quiet, and there was nothing to make the slightest effect on the drum of the ear. There was a magnificent charm about this perfect solitude, which was not even broken by the sighing of the wind, the murmur of the waters, or even the buzzing of an insect.

The descent seemed a little more perilous than the ascent, as it required more care to place the foot solidly on the cable when the foot in advance had to be placed lower than the other foot. Caution had been aroused, and fear suggested the thought: "What would people think to see a man fall through the fog and be crushed to death on the bridge?" Then came a little feeling of timidity, but as each step was decreasing the danger and shortening the distance to the promenade there was no chance for real fright. Soon the electric lights were seen again, and then the outline of the roadbed of the bridge.

The reporter's companion was at the center of the bridge, wondering what had happened to the man he saw disappear up in the fog at the New York end of the cable, and he was overjoyed when he saw him descend through the fog at the middle of the bridge. He had begun to fear that something wrong might have happened when his friend jumped off the cable to the promenade, having completed one of the most novel and interesting walks of a quarter of a mile that man has ever experienced.—New York Star.

"His Dear Unmarried Aunt."

Of Gibbon, the historian, it is written that "the true mother of his mind was a maiden aunt," and as well, it is recorded that she was through his childhood the guardian of his health. In appreciation of her untiring devotion and watchfulness he has expressed himself in language of most affectionate remembrance.

"Many anxious and solitary days," says the grateful nephew, "did she consume with patient trial of every mode of relief and amusement; many sleepless nights did she sit by my bedside in trembling expectation that each hour would be my last."

As opportunities occurred, it was this aunt, Catharine Porter, who taught him reading, writing and arithmetic, all of which, as he writes later in life, "were acquired with such ease and pleasure that no remembrances of weariness or pain are associated with these lessons of my youth."

His mother, somewhat of a society woman and by nature, as the record goes, "lacking in due consideration of most important matters," seems not to have addressed herself to the needs of her boy, the only survivor of a family of children, and very fortunate it was that this "dear unmarried aunt" devoted herself to the culture of his mind and to the care of his health.

All through his school career, which was entered upon at the death of his mother, when he was but 10 years old, young Gibbon kept up a hearty, cheerful correspondence with this beloved relative, recounting progress under different masters at different schools of learning, jotting down everyday details with a zest and freshness indicative of an earnest wish to make her the sharer of all his joys, sorrows and aspirations, and regarding no hour wearisome that he could fill with glimpses of enjoyment for this patient, loving, lifelong friend.—Harper's Bazar.

A Small but Brave Crew.

At Bourbon, the most neglected port in the French Indies, a number of vessels rode at anchor. Suddenly a tidal wave was signaled and a cannon shot conveyed the order for all vessels to leave the port. The crews hastily regained their vessels, and in less than half an hour all ships but one had left the port. The one which remained, despite the order, was a large brig in ballast, on whose deck not a living soul could be seen. A second shot was fired, and the brig slowly pivoted and with flapping sails made for the open sea. An hour later it was discovered that the entire crew of the brig had been detained on shore, and the only living creatures on board were a lad 15 years old and the captain's dog.

In order to obey the order twice given the lad must have let the anchor chain slip and cut the hawser, but where could he get the strength to hold the helm against a cyclone? Three days passed and all the vessels had returned to port but the brig, and fears gained ground. Suddenly, on the morning of the fourth day, a naked mast was seen against the horizon. Like a stick at first, it grew longer, and then a hull appeared. All the sails were furled, and the brig—for it was the brig—was sailing under masts and cordage only, kept on her course by her little jib, hoisted one-third high. A quarter of an hour later a tug was at its side. The brig was brought back after more than three days' terrible strife with the elements.

After seeing no one come the boy, knowing that to stay was destruction, had let the anchor slip, sawed the hawser, and grasping the helm set her head for the sea. Slipping a rope with a running knot larboard and starboard to prevent sudden lurches, he remained at his post with the dog, sleeping and waking, nearly one hundred hours.—Chicago Herald.

When They Want Pennies.

"Will you kindly give me some pennies in change?" asked a gentleman rider on a street car last night.

"How many?" asked the conductor.

"Oh, about ten," was the reply.

The transaction was made satisfactorily, and the gentleman stowed the ten pennies carefully down in the corner of his vest pocket.

"Is not a demand for pennies rather unusual?" was asked of the conductor when he had taken his place on the rear balcony of the car.

"No. On Saturdays we often have requests for pennies, but on other days of the week people don't want them, and often absolutely refuse to receive five cents' worth of coppers. You see, men with families find it profitable to be prepared with pennies to give the children for Sunday school and to drop on the plate. Ten cents' worth of pennies will go a long way, but if a man has much of a church going family it will cost him quite a sum if he is compelled to give them all five or ten cent pieces because he has nothing smaller.

"All the pennies I dispense on Saturday come back to me on Monday morning. There are twenty-eight churches along my line, and I catch all the ministers going down to the weekly meetings, and they all pay their fares in pennies."—Philadelphia Record.

To Prevent a Black Eye.

There is nothing to compare with the tincture or a strong infusion of capsicum annuum mixed with an equal bulk of mucilage of gum arabic, and with the addition of a few drops of glycerine. This should be painted all over the surface with a camel's hair pencil and allowed to dry on, a second or third coating being applied as soon as the first is dry. If done as soon as the injury is inflicted, this treatment will invariably prevent the blackening of the bruised tissue. The same remedy has no equal in rheumatic stiff neck.—St. Louis Polyclinic.